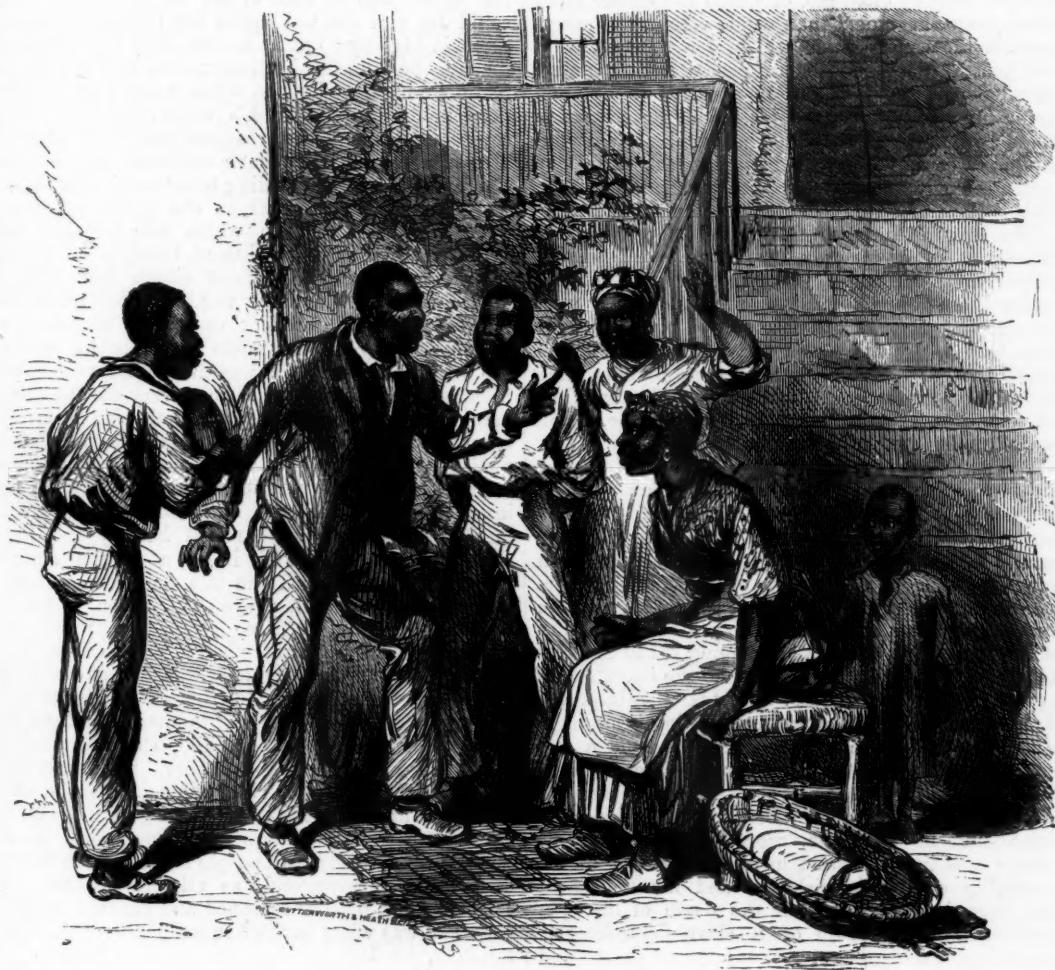


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



ALARMING NEWS.

ORANGE HALL.

II.

We left Orange Hall that day; new scenes and occupations soon weakened the impression my night's sojourn there had made on me, and when I began to form acquaintances, who might have told me the story that attached to it, the incident had passed completely out of my mind. After many months had elapsed, I went to our post town —, on a visit to a lady, the last representative of one of the

proud old Jamaica families. There are not many of them left in the island, nearly all who could save anything from the wreck of its prosperity having taken their energies to land more favoured by legislation. Some few, however, one still meets; aged people who, years ago, hoped on against hope, and when it failed completely could not uproot themselves from the soil they had grown in. Removed from the influences of our busy age, and withdrawing exclusively from all contact with the rising coloured race of the island, they have preserved the tradition

of the ceremonious manners of the last century. One remarks it even in their style, which avoids all hasty locutions, and in their pronunciation, which disdains to abbreviate. In the days when crinoline was not yet invented, I was never in the company of the real aristocracy of Jamaica without, in my fancy, surrounding the stately old ladies with *farthingales*, and investing the courtly old gentlemen with imaginary swords and buckles; it wanted but that to date them back a century.

My dear old friend was a type of the race dying out with her generation, and a chronicle of the strange histories which abound in all lands, in families that are, as were the old proprietary families of Jamaica, a centre of influence and independence. Many a story she told me, of which the *coeur locale* was a better argument than whole volumes of essays against the causes from which, for want of wise and just legislation, the prosperity of her native island departed. Her recitals recalled to my mind the night spent at Orange Hall, and the admission made by our friend that the place had an evil reputation. I could not have addressed myself to any one better able to satisfy my reawakened curiosity. This is the story she recounted :

The last inhabitants of Orange Hall were of the generation of my parents, who owned an adjoining property. I was but a very young child when the events I am going to relate occurred, but they were too startling not to fix themselves on my memory—it is true as mere isolated facts. Later in life I heard the story which connected them together, and which my father could substantiate better than any one else, as, in his capacity of magistrate, it fell to him to direct the official inquiry into them.

The great house was built by the father of the last proprietor, who died from the result of an accident just as his only and long motherless child attained her fifteenth year. He does not appear to have passed a very sad widowhood; it was always open house at Orange Hall, and few of its many chambers were ever vacant. You, who see Jamaica only in its decay, cannot comprehend the profuse hospitality of its prosperity. The housekeeping list of an ordinary family would read to you like the inventory of a great provision warehouse. Most families imported their own stores, and the spring shipping brought to each enough to have enabled them to stand a two years' siege if they could only make head against their worst enemies, the rats. You may suppose Mr. Cumming was rather before than behind his neighbours in profusion, more especially as his income was immense, and he never thought of the possibility of its diminishing; and his household had been, immediately after the death of his wife, abandoned to the rule of a slave housekeeper. Accordingly, the great stores, as large as the ground floor of the house itself, were filled from England at regular intervals with pipes of the most costly Spanish and French wines, that were drawn from the tap, without the ceremony of bottling, cases of liquors, dried and preserved fruits and groceries in fabulous quantities; from America with barrels of salted meat, biscuits, Indian meal and flour; and from Newfoundland with all kinds of fish, prepared in all sorts of ways. Besides this, the island brought its daily contingent of edible luxuries—and you will admit there is no spot in the world that supplies them more lavishly, and no cooks who could do them better justice than a good negro cook. So Orange Hall

was nearly always full, principally of gentlemen; and the sounds of revelry did not slumber long there. And this was the house in which Catherine, the daughter and heiress, grew up, for her father would never consent to send her away for her education, and considered he had amply provided for it in arranging that she should ride to my grandmother's estate every day, and share the lessons which her daughters received from an excellent English governess. But the father did not often inquire into her punctuality, and Catherine came at her will, which was arbitrary, and brought her our way too seldom for my grandmother or the governess to get any real hold of her. Her strong, passionate temper had never been under any moral control; her father was as fond of her as so careless a man could be, and did not spare his caresses when she came in his way; but he looked after her education much as he did after her instruction, and thought he had done his duty by her, when some flagrant misdeed being brought to his notice, he gave her a severe punishment, as unreasonable as his indulgence. Her companions were slave children, adopted into the family as pets, according to a foolish, and in the end, cruel custom, over whom she tyrannised at her unchecked will, and on whom she wreaked full vengeance for any punishment brought on her by the housekeeper. Like most single men fond of good living, Mr. Cumming was somewhat under the influence of his excellent cook and housekeeper, whose culinary talents made his table the envy of the neighbourhood; she was not a bad woman, but became insolent, as all born in slavery do when they manage to obtain authority. Catherine soon discovered that it was useless to appeal to her father against the housekeeper, and began to have recourse to cunning, the only weapon within the reach of the ignorant and oppressed. Unfortunately, she saw it but too much practised round her by the little subordinates who found in it a refuge against herself. I have heard she was handsome enough, but not attractive; her eye had, when it turned suddenly on you, a fierce glare from which one involuntarily shrank, and when it softened was even less agreeable; the fierce look was at least the frank expression of her nature, but her gentleness seemed rather the result of an effort to dissemble than the effect of amiability. Poor child, she must surely have had something good in her, if it only had been found out and fostered in time. Such she was; capricious and self-willed, as all who grow up without wholesome control; haughty and tyrannical, as all who live exclusively with people much their inferiors; cunning and revengeful, as all those whose sole correction has been unreasoned and perhaps unjust; such she was when her father suddenly died. Fortunately, he left his housekeeper her freedom, or she might have bitterly rued the days when she used her power in opposition to her young mistress.

Catherine wanted five years of being of age, and her guardian decided she should spend them in England, for the benefit of her neglected education. He took her there himself, and it is a pity he did not show as much discernment in the choice of a school for her as good sense in his determination to place her in one. Of course nothing that money could buy was to be spared for the wealthy West Indian heiress; she was a gold mine famously worked by the unprincipled schoolmistress to whom she was confided. She was flattered and caressed by those of her com-

panions who took the tone of the superior, detested by those who did not, envied alike by all, and when, at twenty-one years of age, she returned to take possession of her noble mansion and fine properties, the faults of her early youth had become inveterately rooted. Physically handsome, and, in point of wealth, undoubtedly the best match in the island, of course her hand was, at first, eagerly sought for. But the heiress was in no hurry to bestow it; she liked her independence, and spent five or six years managing, with a great deal of natural shrewdness, two of her properties, Orange Hall and Citronia, living on one or other of them. People had become used to her haughty refusals of matrimony, had concluded that she meant to remain single, and were therefore not a little astonished and scandalised when, one day, she announced that she was about to bestow her hand and name (for it was a condition of her father's will) on a good-looking but neither very educated nor refined young Englishman who had been, for some time, the overseer at Citronia. A life interest in her property was settled on her husband, and the marriage took place.

Probably she had thought that, in marrying a man inferior to her in station, she should secure her independence of action, and, instead of giving herself a possible master, add one more to her list of slaves. If so she thought, she reckoned woefully without her host.

Mr. Smith Cumming had no idea of renouncing any of his prerogatives, and soon began to assert his right of mastership over his wife and her property. No children were born to them, but the first years of marriage passed without any open breach of the peace. It is true the slaves of Orange Hall gossiped about undignified and sometimes ludicrous quarrels, of which the great house was the scene; but, when visitors arrived, appearances were tolerably kept up. Mrs. Cumming was not sociably inclined; she would not have been a Jamaican if her hospitality had not always been ready for the traveller or stranger; but she seldom visited her neighbours, and did not encourage their visits to her. It was said she was somewhat ashamed of the vulgarity of her husband, whose manners became coarser with prosperity, rather than more refined by contact with a woman who, however much her early education had been neglected, bore a certain stamp of birth and distinction. However that might have been, after a few years, a habit of drinking, only too easy of indulgence in the West Indies, increased on Mr. Cumming: he began to weary of the restraint which, in spite of vigorous opposition, the wife had contrived to exercise over him, and invited to the Hall the boon companions whom he associated with in the neighbouring towns. From that time an open warfare commenced between husband and wife; all the violence of her nature broke forth unrestrained, and found its full match in the drunken coarseness of his. So frightful were their quarrels, that the slaves, after listening to them in terror, were accustomed to say, that "whether massa would kill missus, or missus kill massa, they did not know, but some one would be killed some day." Finding she did not succeed in dislodging her husband's guests, she soon adopted the plan of starting off to Citronia, where she would wear her passions out in insane acts of vengeance on everything within her reach.

Her married life had lasted about ten years when, after a cockfight and consequent scene of extra riot

among Mr. Cumming and his friends, the wife retired as usual to Citronia, but *not* as usual after mutual violence and quarrel. It was remarked that day that Mrs. Cumming avoided seeing her husband, but, after mounting her horse, remained a few moments, listening to the sounds of noisy mirth which came from the piazza to which the society had retired, then rode off with a look of concentrated hatred that frightened her groom a thousand times more than the cut of her whip with which, on such occasions, she had the habit of dismissing him. The revel lasted till nearly midnight, when some of the guests rode away, and the two or three who remained were led, or carried, to their respective chambers; among the latter number was Mr. Cumming. Next morning they dispersed one by one, after hearing from the servants that their master had locked his door and must be still sleeping, as he had not opened it for his morning coffee. Hours passed on, the afternoon came, and still no sound from the master's room. Towards evening the overseer arrived on business and found the house slaves huddled together, in superstitious dread of something sinister. None of them would approach their master's chamber. The overseer mounted immediately; found the door locked, the key gone, and all silent as death. He lost no time in riding over to my father, who had inherited my grandmother's estate, and was the nearest magistrate. The two returned immediately to Orange Hall, accompanied by one or two neighbours who happened to be dining with my father. They forced the door, which, in yielding suddenly to their efforts, pushed violently aside the corpse of a murdered man. It was covered with stabs from a dagger lying on the floor, but which generally hung with other weapons at the head of the bed. The murder was clear, the wounds not being such as a man would have inflicted on himself. The wretched man had evidently been struck in his drunken sleep, had fallen, or struggled from his bed to the floor, and, after dragging himself to the door, had died.

An inquest was held, and the guests of the eve re-assembled as witnesses. None of them could throw light on the deed. Thanks to their potations, they had heard nothing during the night. The house slaves had heard nothing either, in their barracks separate from the house, all the doors of which had, as usual, remained unlocked, so that the assassin found free ingress and egress. Nothing, in short, was elicited from the inquiry, and a verdict was returned of murdered by some person or persons unknown. Shortly after the funeral, Mrs. Cumming, who appeared singularly unmoved by the whole event, returned to Orange Hall. The law could establish no proof to inculpate her in the death of her husband, but public opinion did not the less hold her guilty of it. The slaves whispered and hinted. They had often heard her threaten to have her husband's life; they had been frightened by her aspect, and had said she was near her revenge when she rode darkly and silently off on the eve of the murder. She had a favourite slave-who, having the reputation of being his mistress's spy, and being certainly the general instrument of her punishments, was an object of hatred to every one on the two estates. He had accompanied his mistress to Citronia, was seen to leave her room late in the evening, after being long in consultation with her; was again seen in the night, by a boy who had been to the beach to steal turtles' eggs, going back from Orange Hall; the same boy, walking in

the course of the day over the ground he had passed, picked up a key, which proved to be that of the murdered man's bedroom. The suspected man lived in the negro village in Citronia. Many persons had remarked a thick smoke and strong smell of fire issuing from his cottage on the day after the murder, and believed he had burnt the clothes that he wore when he committed the deed, and which he dared not wash in the common brook. All this was strong presumptive evidence; but there were no free persons on either of the two estates, except the respective overseer and book-keeper of each, who lived far away from the scene; and if twenty slaves had seen their mistress commit the murder with her own hands, their evidence could not have been received in a court of law, and, in the absence of *free* witnesses, she would have escaped all punishment or even examination.

A few years passed on, during which Mrs. Cumming showed herself much more disposed to sociability than in her married life; and by the aid of her wealth and the influence inseparable from it, succeeded in pretty well living down the horrible suspicion that attached to her. She had grown tired, or perhaps afraid of her solitary life, was forty years of age, had lost her beauty and acquired a decidedly forbidding appearance, when a man of better family than fame sought her in marriage. She consented, and made splendid settlements on her second husband, who, like the first, adopted her family name. The new Mr. Cumming was a gentleman in manners and education, and addicted to gentlemanly vices only. His wife appeared to have a passionate attachment for him, which, in a year or two, became disagreeable and importunate to the husband. She desired to live only in his presence, and would have absorbed all his society; but he was fond of excitement and variety, and, after awhile, even talked of a visit to Europe, in which, to her dismay, Mrs. Cumming found she was not expected to accompany her husband. Just at that time, Mrs. Cumming made the mistake of sending for a poor orphan relative from England, who, she thought, might enliven the solitude to which, in spite of her married state, she was frequently reduced. The poor cousin proved not only young, but very pretty; qualities which had not been at all reckoned on or desired. Mr. Cumming found Orange Hall a much more agreeable residence after the arrival of the pretty new inmate, and his wife was not slow in discovering that it was not *she* who rendered it so. Her jealousy was awakened, and manifested itself alternately in awful rage and fits of stubborn gloom, during which she rendered the life of the poor cousin intolerable. As far as her husband was concerned, her jealousy was not groundless; but, in spite of after events, I believe it was as regards the girl, who in the beginning was simply grateful, and in the end dependent and willing to believe in innocence where guilt could not be proved. But I am anticipating.

Matters grew worse and worse at Orange Hall; the old scenes of quarrelling and violence were renewed, and so was Mrs. Cumming's habit of taking herself off to Citronia after each outbreak, when she never forgot to take the poor cousin off too. People began to say that she was certainly going mad, her paroxysms of jealousy and rage being beyond all ordinary limits of passion.

A day came when, in the temporary absence of her husband, she beat the unfortunate girl, and then, not daring to face her husband on his return, be-

took herself and her victim to Citronia. The house was but of one floor, and all the rooms communicated with a piazza that could be easily entered from without. None of the windows fastened, of course. The next morning the maid, entering her mistress's room which was alone in one wing of the house, darted suddenly out, flinging away her tray and uttering piercing shrieks. The poor cousin and servants rushed in, to find Mrs. Cumming lying strangled in her bed. She had been dead some hours.

My father was again summoned, and a strict inquiry was made into the event. Nothing was elicited, except that it could not have been an act of suicide. Some one remarked that Mr. Cumming, contrary to his habit, wore gloves during the inquiry; later, the servants said it was because his hands were covered with scratches; also, that the morning after the murder, his boots and trousers were wet, as if he had walked in the night-dew through grass; but being only slaves, their evidence could not touch him. He appeared most decorously grieved for the loss of his wife, gave her a splendid funeral, and wore very deep mourning for a year, at the end of which time he married the poor cousin.

The murdered woman lies in our churchyard under a handsome tomb, on which an inscription records her many virtues and her husband's grief and grateful love. A year or two after her death there came from England the superb monument, which you must have remarked every time you entered our church. Next time you go there, examine it minutely, and tell me what you think of it.

From the time of the first husband's death, his room had been kept shut, and the room beneath carefully avoided at night. From the time of Mrs. Cumming's murder no one could sleep quietly in Citronia.

Immediately after his second marriage Mr. Cumming went to England. He drew the revenues of his first wife's property till his death, which took place a few years after. I never heard whether he left children, or what became of his widow. Litigation ensued among the distant claimants on the Cumming properties, they fell into chancery, and there they remain.

So ended my old friend's story. I went to — Church for the sole purpose of examining the monument in the chancel, which, for the rest, I saw often afterwards. Two angels lean weeping over a tomb, on the front of which is a medallion, with the head carved in relief, of Mrs. Cumming. It was copied from a portrait sent to England for the purpose. The whole is in white statuary marble, *spotless*, except that across the neck of Mrs. Cumming, as if just where the strangling cord was tied, there runs a blue vein. The vein does not go so deep in as the flat surface of the medallion, on which the head is carved; it appears on the throat only, thinning off at the two extremities.

My friend added, when I told her my astonishment at what was evidently a mere coincidence, that the sculptor, a celebrated one of the beginning of this century, was asked by a Jamaica gentleman if the position of the mark were really accidental: he declared that it was; the vein had not appeared on the surface of the marble, and he had been greatly vexed by the disfigurement which it caused. He then learnt, for the first time, the horrible story which the coincidence would help to perpetuate.

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Reader, my night in Orange Hall is no imaginary one; as I described it, so it passed. Some who read this story may remember or have heard of the incidents related, or have seen the monument. I offer no remarks on what may appear the mysterious parts of the narrative, though, of course, they are capable of natural explanation. My own opinion is that the house was occasionally occupied by some person who knew that the superstitious fear of the slaves on the estate would secure their being undisturbed. Our sleeping there without sign might have broken the convenient spell of the "haunted house." At all events, the tragic story is worth recording, as illustrating life in Jamaica, in the old dark days of slavery.

"FLITTING."

ONE of the undelightful experiences to which ordinary mortals are subject is that of changing one's dwelling-place—of migrating, under compulsion or otherwise, from one neighbourhood to another. Time was, and it is not very long ago, when this necessity was far more burdensome and afflictive than it is at the present day. We can recall a flitting of our youthful days, some fifty years back, when the removal of a household from London to the west of England entailed weeks of preparations, some of which were sufficiently grotesque. We remember that the proceedings were inaugurated by the advent of a curious machine, set up in the garden, for the manufacture of hay-bands, and the contemporaneous arrival of a cart-load of hay, which the machine, worked by the hands of two men, rapidly twisted into some hundreds of fathoms of grassy cordage—renewing the manufacture as often as necessary. The tables and chairs, the sofas, settees, and carved pillars of the four-posters, were all elaborately swaddled in hay-bands to protect them from bruises and contusions on their hazardous journey. Then came the crates upon the scene, with no end of straw, paper shavings, and what not, to supplement the hay; and into the crates were packed not only the brittle and breakable wares, such as the china and glass, but numberless minor articles too small to be trusted alone, or too temptingly portable. Then came the fencing about of the solid goods—the chests of drawers, cabinets, secretaires, bookcases, and so on—with a kind of rough plank railing or frame-work filled out with hay or straw. In addition to all these, there was the miscellaneous collection of boxes and trunks, bundles and bales, including for the most part the cherished personals of the members of the household. Finally the printer came into requisition, and had to supply some hundreds of labels to be attached to the various packages to prevent their going astray, if indeed that desirable end could be achieved. How much of the domestic store had to be left behind, and sacrificed "for a song," because it would not pay for removal, or could not be removed safely—on that point, a specially sore one to the "mother of the house," we shall say nothing.

When the preliminary packing was at length done, the heavy wains of that day drew up to the door, and amidst unlimited libations of pots of "entire"—a beverage which has long since gone out of date—the goods were hoisted into the waggons, and then dragged off slowly to the Grand Junction Canal. Here they were heaped together

in some long shed only half protected from the weather, until their turn came for shipment, or rather bargement, on board the long flat-bottomed boats, which, navigating the Grand Junction and Kennet and Avon waterways, connected the metropolis with the west. Meanwhile the owners of the goods—the family shorn of their penates—had to exercise their patience as they best might: not unusually they proceeded to their destination, and either took lodgings until duly advertised of the arrival of their property, or squatted in the empty house, where they might amuse themselves with a sort of back-woods experience after the manner of settlers in a new colony, learning the difficult but profitable art of "doing without things." When at length, after the lapse of weeks, or perhaps months, the "sticks" did arrive, the ceremony of getting them out of their cerements was almost as onerous as that of getting them in, while it was sure to be far more painful, in consequence of discoveries momentarily made of damages done and deficiencies unaccounted for. It was vain to make inquiries after missing articles; the cargo had passed through so many hands in its long and weary detour of several hundred miles, that there was no finding out who was responsible. You might grumble, nobody denies you that privilege, but you had to put up with the damage and the loss, and thank your stars, if you were at all gratefully inclined, that matters were no worse.

Thanks to modern progress in the art of locomotion in all its phases, we no longer flit in the fashion above described. In our day flitting has become a science, and if it have not advanced to entire perfection, it is at least difficult to see in what respect it could be materially improved. We have done with hay-banding, crating, rough-railing, packing in bales, etc., etc., and instead of bothering and bewildering ourselves with all that turmoil and trouble, we simply have recourse to a professor of the science—just inform him whither we wish to be moved, and leave him to manage the matter *secundum artem*. It does not matter to him a doit whether we are going into the next street, or south into Cornwall, or north into Yorkshire. Be the flight whither it will—one mile or a hundred miles, or as many more as you like—he sets about the business much in the same way. There is, in the first instance, no preliminary hay-banding or packing of that sort. The mover of goods simply comes and looks at your havings, and taking an inventory of them, relieves you of all trouble in respect to them, and accepts all responsibility for their safe transmission. You may leave the business to him without further concern; he will repair breakages if breakages there are, and replace all lost or missing articles, if lost there should be; and he will let you know beforehand the entire cost of the undertaking. The fact is, that this business, which used to be considered, and was, an exceptional one, is now, thanks to modern facilities for locomotion, reduced to a regular trade. The old carts and waggons on which the goods were piled like so much hay or straw, are discarded from the service, and in their place we have the "patent vans," which may be described as a species of houses on wheels. They are built in compartments, and have recesses and lock-ups calculated for the reception of glass, paintings, plate, and other valuables, and abundance of room besides for the stowage of furniture in separate tiers; and the contents of the whole are so

arranged by the deft management of hands accustomed to the work that the articles are subject to neither friction nor displacement in travelling, being firmly fixed, such as require it, by means of elastic ropes. A half-dozen of these huge vans will swallow up the furniture of a large mansion, and once fairly loaded they can be driven with perfect security to any part of the kingdom. If the distance is great, the vans roll off to the railway-station, where they are mounted on trucks prepared for them, and are whirled down to their destination at once; if the distance is small, a couple of stout horses amble off with each of them—and in either case no time is lost, the unloading and the plenishing of the new abode following close upon the dismantling of the old one.

These are great conveniences of which the public, and specially that part of them given to frequent migrations, are becoming sufficiently appreciative; but this is by no means the sum total of the advantages derivable from the new system of things relating to change of residence. It often happens that married people without children, or small families having no local ties, grow weary of the homes they have haunted so long, and sigh for a temporary change. They have no wish to part finally from the dwelling which perhaps circumstance has endeared to them, but they would gladly leave it for a time—for a few months, or for a year or two—to travel either at home or in foreign countries for the sake of a needful variety and recreation, always with the object before them of returning again to the old home, after it has been freshly endeared by absence. A family of the last generation could only have done this at a considerable sacrifice, or at least at a considerable pecuniary loss. At the present time the thing is rendered perfectly easy. The movers of goods—at any rate those of the most respectable class—are also the warehousers of goods; and nothing is more common among a certain section of society well-to-do in the world than to avail themselves of the opportunities these men afford them. One need but look in the newspapers about the time that holiday weather is setting in, to see what large use is made of the facilities thus available to every one. Houses are constantly advertised in all parts of the country, in city, in suburb, and in rural districts, hireable for almost any term you choose, and either furnished or unfurnished. In the former case the warehouseman takes charge of such of the penates only as could not be left in strange hands; in the latter he empties the house of every stick: in either case the proprietors can be off whither they choose, free from all anxiety as to the safety of their goods, which they can insure, thanks to the late reduction of insurance duty, at a sum little more than nominal. When their rambles are at an end, and they would like to return again to the old home, they have but to apprise the custodian of their property of their intention, and, with a fair allowance of time, they shall find on coming back that everything is in its place and that the old home welcomes them with the same old face it bore at parting.

Among the many changes which have been brought about by the locomotive tendencies of the age, those we have briefly described, unobvious though they be, are certainly not the least. They are characteristic of another tendency, and one which the existing generation has pushed into actuality in a sufficiently remarkable manner—the tendency, that is, among

speculating men, to turn every possible phase of disposition, desire, or inclination manifested by the public into a source of traffic, a basis for the investment of capital and enterprise, a means of realising a profit.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

IX.

WE now turn to Gonville and Caius College, which in magnitude and point of numbers may rank, *magnō intervallō*, as the third in the university. There is a kind of special character attaching to Caius College, for as Trinity Hall is the legal, so Caius is the medical college of the university. It is rather hazardous work to attempt to give a description of Caius College, for an immense work of destruction and reconstruction has been going on there. When we last visited Cambridge there must have been at least a hundred workmen busily employed. Whole courts were taken down, and were rising again in stately proportions. It will be some time, perhaps, before the full extent of this great change will be properly appreciated. Let the uninitiated understand that the name of this renowned college, according to the *jus et norma loquendi*, is always pronounced *Keys*. A certain Dr. Kaye Latinised his name into the form of Caius. This was the fashion of that time. So the Englishman Flood was called Robertus Fluctibus, and the Frenchman Pierre, Cornelius à Lapide. This Dr. Kaye was in his youth a Fellow of Gonville Hall at Cambridge before he went out to study medicine at the University of Padua. He obtained great and deserved distinction. He read Greek lectures at Padua. He afterwards practised successfully at Norwich. He obtained great reputation by his method of treating the sweating sickness, which was once so great an epidemic in England that it was, indeed, known as the English disease. Having amassed means, and being high in the royal favour of Philip and Mary, he obtained a charter for the enlargement of Gonville Hall, and to give it the title of Gonville and Caius College. But as old Fuller—to whom we have so often been indebted in these papers—quaintly says, “as in the conjunction of two Roman consuls, Bibulus and Caius Julius Cæsar, the former was eclipsed by the lustre of the latter, so that his namesake Caius hath in some sort obscured his partner, carrying away the name of the college in common discourse.”

But whatever changes have happened, or may yet happen, in the structure of Caius College, we feel sure that the three famous gates will always be retained. These are gates quaintly entitled the Gate of Humility, the Gate of Virtue, and the Gate of Honour. It is expressly stated that these gates were designed to convey a practical lesson in morality to all who should pass beneath the portal. It was meant to teach that it was through humility and virtue that we pass on to honour. The architecture of these gates is of a very interesting character. They are specimens of the Italianised Gothic which was so popular at this time. The Gate of Humility, as beseems the title, has a lowly arch. Presently you come to a more imposing gateway, with an ampler arch, bearing two inscriptions. On the eastern side is written “VIRTUTIS,” the Gate of

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Virtue, and on the other side: "*Jo. Caius posuit Sapientia*," John Caius built this in honour of wisdom. The third gate leads to the schools and senate-house, as if pointing out to the undergraduate the path of academic glory. It is a very ornamental gate, exhibiting specimens of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, surmounted by a cupola inscribed with the word "HONORIS." The wise doctor left directions that the south side of this court, called Caius Court, should never be closed up by buildings, in order that there might be a free circulation of the air. It used to be said that although the old Gonville foundation had well-nigh passed away, the buildings of Dr. Caius were as perfect as he left them; but in this age nothing can be considered permanent, and the structures reared by Dr. Kaye have been improved off the face of the earth. His own monument will soon be almost the sole remaining monument of his work. Two months before his decease, he directed in his will that his body should be placed in a vault in the chapel. The tomb is now fixed on the northern wall of the chapel, with the simple, striking description, "*Fui Caius*" (I was Caius), and the words, "*vivit post funera virtus*," run around its canopy. It is a large alabaster sarcophagus, and the canopy is supported by Corinthian columns.

When Queen Elizabeth came to Cambridge and lodged at King's, her physicians and maids of honour "kept" at Caius College. At this time, or about, the worthy doctor, in pursuance of his medical designs, obtained the privilege that his college should every year take the bodies of two malefactors for the purpose of dissection. But although Dr. Caius left funds to defray the expense, it does not appear that the bodies were ever obtained, or that any medical school in any strict sense of the term was established here. Archbishop Parker left funds for the support of a medical student, to be nominated by the Archbishop or by the Chapter of Canterbury. Mr. Tancred endowed four very valuable medical scholarships here, and similar scholarships for students of divinity at Christ's College and students of law at Lincoln's Inn. Many eminent physicians have belonged to this college, but perhaps its crowning honour is that the illustrious William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was on its books. Dr. Caius himself was nine times president of the College of Physicians, and was master of his college for about fourteen years. He built a magnificent pillar from a stone "of exquisite and wonderful workmanship, bearing sixty dials (horologia) upon it... On the top of this stone a weathercock was put up, made after the likeness of Pegasus." This curious work of art has long since disappeared. The college, however, still retains his beautiful caduceus, or silver mace, ornamented with four twining serpents. It is borne before the master at the principal college festivities. Of these symposia favourable mention is made in some of the Cambridge publications, "the courteous hospitality and the well-stored cellars." The gardens of this college, though small, are arranged tastefully; we hardly know, however, how Dr. Caius would have approved of the phenomenon of a croquet-ground. It "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." In 1864 a new handsome hall was erected by Mr. Salvin; it has portraits on the walls and armorial bearings on the glass. As might be expected, a highly scientific character belongs to many of the eminent men of this college.

The names of three great divines also may be mentioned—Jeremy Taylor, Samuel Clarke, and Jeremy Collier.

I remember hearing the story of an old lady who was greatly scandalised by hearing that her son always stood well by Catherine Hall. She considered that Miss Hall ought to have no place in his affection. Catherine Hall has, however, now parted with that time-honoured title, and is now called St. Catherine's College. The change was made when it appeared likely that there would be a number of private halls in Cambridge, and so old a foundation would not willingly be lost among new institutions. It is sometimes profanely called Cat's College for the purpose of abbreviation. It is one of the smallest colleges in the university, and owes its existence to the piety of a single individual. This was one Robert Woodlarks, who, being provost of King's, and chancellor of the university, purchased some tenements, and by royal licence founded Catherine Hall, which he endowed for a master and three Fellows. The friends and relations of the founder generously gave good help, and the college accordingly made much way. Fuller says: "Indeed, this house was long town-bound (which hindered the growth thereof), till Dr. Gorlu, that good physician, cured it of that disease, by giving the 'Bull Inn' thereunto, so that since it hath flourished with buildings and students, lately more numerous than in greater colleges." This college was one of the severest sufferers at the time of the Commonwealth. There is something very picturesque in its appearance. The principal court is built with brick and stone on three sides, and the fourth side is open towards Trumpington Street. This front space is planted with elm-trees, and screened with handsome iron palisades. On the south is the master's lodge; on the north are the chapel and hall. Behind there is a very small back court. This half has the customary founder's portrait. The chapel, small and inornate, was consecrated in 1704 by Simon Patrick, the well-known and pious Bishop of Ely. In the combination room, besides the portraits of benefactors, there is a picture of St. Catherine, which Sir Charles Bunbury brought from Venice. The master's lodge, among some good pictures, has four portraits by Lely. The library, as also the combination room, was fitted up at the expense of good Bishop Sherlock, who was some time master here, and afterwards Bishop of London. He bequeathed his valuable library to it, and provided a modest endowment for the librarian. Notwithstanding its very moderate dimensions, St. Catherine's College is justly considered remarkable for the number of distinguished and profound theologians which it has produced. We give the first place among these to the proto-martyr of the Marian days, John Bradford. We have, moreover, the great names of Sandys, Overall, the two Hoadleys, John Chayter, the famous ecclesiastical historian, holy Sibbs, Calamy, Lightfoot, the orientalist, Joseph Milner, the church historian. Sandys and Overall were translators of the Bible. Dr. Hoadley, of Winchester, originated the famous Bangorian controversy about a hundred years ago.

It is with peculiar pleasure that the writer at this point inserts a sonnet written by a friend who has contributed many sacred poems to the "Leisure Hour," and "Sunday at Home," and addressed to

a college companion. It is a tender, faithful reflect of the feelings with which most of us look back upon our associations of college days:

CAMBRIDGE DAYS.

The precious years we spent at Catherine Hall,
How dear their distant memory ! when the dew
Of youth was on us, and the unclouded blue
Above us, and Hope waved her wings o'er all.
The ancient elms, green court, and tinkling call
Of chapel-bell ; gowns flitting o'er the view
To hall or lecture ; even the dingy hue
Of college-front, how fondly we recall.
Our strolls in gardens or by winding river,
The famous men we heard, the books we read,
The dreams we dreamt—will make us one for ever ;
Nor time, nor place, nor circumstance can render
Our hearts indifferent to those years long fled,
With their rich store of recollections tender.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Mr. Everett, the American, speaking to his countrymen, says that he almost despairs of making plain the complicated Cambridge system, so different from the pure university system of Germany, and the pure college system of America. He defines the university as an "arena for the exhibition of champions," or as fixing a common standard of scholarship and diffusing a common tone of sentiment. "The college is like the town, the university like the nation : the college is like the nation, the university like the world : the college is like home, the university like the community." Mr. Everett characteristically and not inaptly speaks of the system as that of a "federative union," with prudent action in domestic affairs, and mutual defence and support for the good of the whole. According to this analogy, the colleges are the different States, and the universities are the Union. Cambridge life is, however, mainly college life ; the university has not the corporate wealth, nor does it yet take the same constant energetic action, as the University of Oxford. It will here be interesting if we take a glance at the management and home affairs of a Cambridge foundation. We will give some extracts from what is called the "Conclusion Book" of one of the colleges (St. John's), which will give some idea of the inner life of the college, and the matters of detail that occupied the attention of the societies. The items belong to the last century.

6 Jul., 1739. Agreed to whitewash and new glaze the chappel. [This is a thorough entry of the last century before there was any knowledge of ecclesiastical art.]

7 May, 1754. Agreed . . . to give the sum of two guineas to the cowkeepers in the town of Cambr., sufferers by the distempers among the cattle. [This is one of the earliest examples, we think, of the cattle plague.]

21 Febr., 1755. Agreed to make Mr. (Jas.) Stubbs the usual allowance to persons in his unhappy circumstances. [These unhappy circumstances do not transpire.]

15 Apr., 1757. Agreed that the curate of Horningsey may have the addition of 18d. every Sunday to his usual pay of 1s. [A striking instance of the clerical poverty, even worse in the last century than in this.]

7 Apr., 1763. Agreed to give 10 guineas to the colleges of Philadelphia and New York.

2 Nov., 1764. Agreed that the bursars gravel the scholars' walk . . . and buy new yew trees for the garden where they are wanted.

27 Dec., 1764. Agreed to send Dr. Heberden a collar of brawn every Christmas.

4 May, 1767. Ordered that from the end of this college month the butcher be allowed 4d. per lb. for the 3 following months, on account of the uncommon dearth of provisions.

31 Dec., 1768. Agreed to give the sum of 10 guineas to the Revd. M. Kembell, of Brandon, in Suffolk, a poor clergyman.

5 Jan., 1771. Ordered that the lecturer do not ever hereafter entertain the questionists with wine and brawn in the hall.

21 June, 1775. Agreed that the old parlour be repaired during the course of this summer.

6 Apr., 1771. Agreed to give one guinea to a poor Turk.

17 Oct., 1782. Agreed that Mr. Craven have leave to take out of the library a ms. of the Hebrew Bible. Agreed that new posts and rails be put up at the college gate in Trumpington Street.

11 Febr., 1783. Agreed to melt down the plate condemned at the late audit, and to purchase
2 doz. of knives and forks for the master,
3 doz. of dessert spoons,
8 butter ladles,
1 salver 15 in.,
2 waiters, 7 do.,
2 common cruet-stands,
3 common mustard-pots,
2 pr. of tea-tongs.
12 pr. of snuffer-trays,
6 porringers,
3 pr. of candlesticks.

The editor of Mr. Everett's work "On the Cam" tells an amusing story which might, however, be paralleled by circumstances within the experience of the present writer. "A Trinity friend of ours once owed an ephemeral success to a chance indeed. He was sadly ignorant and idle in his undergraduate days, and would have been quite contented at finding himself in the seventh or eighth class in the May examinations, had he not been thrust several classes higher. The day before the examination he came late into hall, and had to take what seat he could get, far from his own set, and facing two complete strangers to him, reading men who flavoured their dinner with mathematical conversation.

"Well, now," said one, "what illustration would you give of a parabola."

"Our friend had never heard of such an article, and being of a curious temperament, he listened.

"Why," replied the other, "if a bird were passing me in full flight, and I shot him stone-dead, in his fall he would describe a parabola."

"The next day our friend went up to a *viva voce* examination with about twenty other undergraduates, who sat on benches in a long line, in the order in which their names were written on a slip of paper held by the examiner, who put questions on several branches to each, more with a view of ascertaining what subjects he was reading, than his proficiency in them, and appended marks to each name in accordance with the answers he received, coming in every instance last to our friend, who sat on the extreme left of the row. At length he put the query to A, 'What is a parabola?' 'I don't know, sir.' 'Do you know, sir?' 'No, sir,' and so on, down the line, meeting with a running fire of negatives, till he came to our friend, who replied, much to the astonishment of the others who knew him: 'If a bird were passing me in full flight, and I shot him dead, in his fall he would describe a parabola.' 'Ah,' said the examiner, 'I see you are the only one who is reading dynamics, so I will not ask you any more questions. That will do, gentlemen.' " And our friend was in the fifth class. We may mention by the way, that

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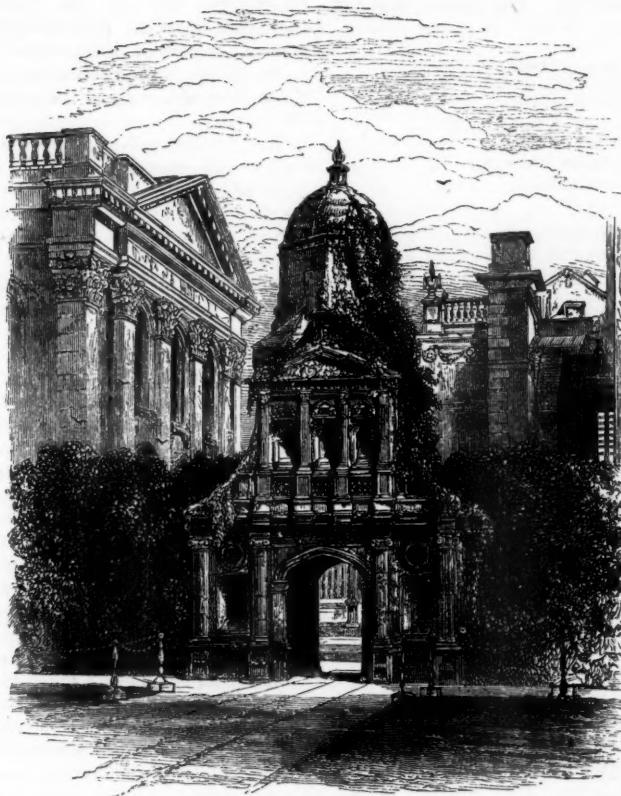
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there was a man who received the nickname of Parabola from an unfortunate mispronunciation.

An indefinite number of Cambridge stories might be told relating to the doings of men in the examinations. Many of them have their special points of humour in relation to mathematics, which require a Cambridge audience for their appreciation. There is the well-known joke against the Cambridge man

College Examination," from which we take the first stanza:—

"St. Mary notes her longest chime, and slumber softly falls
On Granta's quiet solitudes, her cloisters and her halls ;
But trust me, little rest is theirs who play in Glory's game ;
And throw to-morrow their last throw for academic fame ;
Whose hearts have panted for this hour, and while slow
months went by,
Bent high to live in story—half-a-dozen stories high."



GATE OF HONOUR, CAIUS COLLEGE.

who objected to the "Paradise Lost" because it did not prove anything. Many amusing "illustrations" of mathematical language are to be found in the well-known "Cambridge Class Book." Something more may be said respecting the general ways of undergraduates. Two famous Trinity men have summed them up. Mr. Tennyson says:

"They boated and they cricketed ; they talked
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics ;
They lost their weeks ; they vexed the souls of deans ;
They rode ; they betted ; made a hundred friends
And caught the blossom of the flying terms."

This is slightly a more favourable estimate than Mr. Thackeray's well-known picture of "thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again."

The poet Praed, the contemporary and rival of Macaulay, who was Fellow of Trinity, and Deputy High Steward of the Borough, the most graceful, accomplished, and popular of all writers of *vers de société*, has, of course, his references to Cambridge. Thus he has his lines, "Written on the Eve of a

One of those charades in which he so much excelled was composed on the word Cambridge:—

" My first, in its usual quiet way,
Was creeping along on a wintry day.

The second syllable is made to denote the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, familiarly known as the *pons asinorum*, which every one must pass who hopes for honours.

" The youth took courage, the youth took snuff,
He followed in faith his teacher gruff ;
And he sits ever since in my whale's kind lap,
In a silken gown and a trencher cap."

We need scarcely point out that Mr. Tennyson has some very pretty verses on Cambridge, which we prematurely quoted in our Oxford papers, and his own Trinity court was probably in his mind when he wrote the glorified description of what such courts might be.

" And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted water floods."

We may quote another Cambridge poet, Mr. C. S. Calverley, of Christ's College, whose "Verses and Translations" have achieved a considerable Cambridge popularity, and who faithfully reflects both the scholarship and the lighter moods of Cambridge life. Mr. Calverley thus sketches modern undergraduate days, though we must observe that the local and allusive style in a very few years loses all its pungency. The English lines are not unworthy of Praed, but his Latin style is really better, and not unworthy of Horace.

" Often when o'er tree and turret
Ere a dying radiance flings,
By the ancient pile I linger
Known familiarly as 'King's.'
And the ghosts of days departed
Rise, and in my burning breast
All the undergraduate wakens,
And my spirit is at rest.

" Backward moves the kindly dial,
And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species,
Called emphatically 'Men.'
Loafed, as I have loafed aforetime,
Through the streets, with tranquil mind
And a long-backed fancy mongrel
Trailing casually behind.

" Once an unassuming freshman
Through these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a college,
Under every cap a Don.
Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior wranglers in them all.

" By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers;
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlake,
And colossal prints of Roe,
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go."

Mr. Calverley entitles this little poem, "*Hic vir, hic est*," alluding to the Cambridge custom of calling every one "a man." The late Mr. Dickens, in his "David Copperfield," alludes to this. He introduces a passing character, a Mr. Markham, who "always spoke of himself indefinitely as 'a man,' and seldom or never in the first person singular. A man might get on very well here, Mr. Copperfield." Presently he remarks, "Upon my honour, town seems to sharpen a man's appetite. A man is hungry all day long. A man is perpetually eating." Every boy who goes up to Cambridge learns to think of himself in his first term as a man. The reader may recollect one of Leech's caricatures. It is a brief dialogue at an evening party. A young undergraduate asks: "Pray, sir, were you ever at either university?" "Yes, when I was a boy," is the answer.

But one of the most interesting references in the literature of fiction to Cambridge is to be found in Mr. Kingsley's "Alton Locke." In his preface to a new edition, Mr. Kingsley expressly addresses himself to "the undergraduates of Cambridge:" "I have addressed them now because I know that many of them at various times have taken umbrage at certain scenes of Cambridge life drawn in this book. I do not blame them for having done so. On the contrary, I have so far acknowledged the justice of their censure, that while I have altered hardly one other word in this book, I have rewritten

all that relates to Cambridge life." It is interesting to find so eminent a writer as Mr. Kingsley thus modifying his views. He does so, however, not in the belief that such pictures were overcharged, but in the knowledge that in the improved state of things they are no longer true. "I see at Cambridge nothing that does not gain my respect for her present state, and hope for her future. Increased sympathy between the old and young, increased intercourse between the teacher and the taught, increased freedom and charity of thought, and a steady purpose of internal self-reform and progress, seem to me already bearing good fruit by making the young men regard their university with content and respect."

Mr. Kingsley has some exquisite touches of the Cambridge scenery, which he considered to be, "in spite of its unique magnificence, strangely overlooked by those who cater to the public taste with pen and pencil. The vistas of bridges, one after another, spanning the stream; the long line of great monastic palaces, all unlike and yet all in harmony, sloping down to the stream, with their trimmed lawns and ivied walls, their towers and buttresses; and opposite them, the range of rich gardens and noble timber-trees, dimly seen through which, at the end of the gorgeous river avenue, towered the lofty buildings of St. John's. The whole scene, under the glow of a rich May afternoon, seemed to me a fragment of the 'Arabian Nights,' or Spenser's 'Fairy Queen.'" He beautifully describes scenery such as the flat Cambridgeshire scenery, "which, though I had often heard it described as ugly, struck my imagination much. The vast height and width of the sky-arch, as seen from those flats as from an ocean—the grey haze shrouding the horizon of our narrow land-view, and closing us in, till we seemed to be floating through infinite space on a little platform of earth; the rich poplar-fringed farms, with their herds of dappled oxen—the luxuriant crops of oats and beans—the linden green of the tall rape, a plant till then unknown to me; the long straight silver dykes, with their gaudy carpets of strange floating water-plants, and their black banks studded with the remains of buried forests—the innumerable draining-mills, with their creaking sails and groaning wheels—the endless rows of pollard willows, through which the breeze moaned and rung, as through the strings of some vast *Aolian* harp; the little island knolls in that vast sea of fen, each with its long village street and delicately taper spire; all this seemed to me to contain an element of new and peculiar beauty." We may here say that we have been examining a work published some forty years ago, called "Alma Mater," by a Trinity man, and it fully sustains Mr. Kingsley's remark about the great improvements in Cambridge. The said improvement has been great through previous generations to Mr. Kingsley's time, and from Mr. Kingsley's time to the present. Much is due to the improved earnest religious tone of the university. Bishop Jebb once wrote: "And it is with pleasure I acknowledge that the ardour with which the worthy tutors of Trinity, St. John's, Queen's, Caius, and Christ's Colleges, have endeavoured to introduce the study of the Greek Testament into their respective societies, entitles them to the thanks of each conscientious parent, and of every liberal mind." More and more the study of sacred subjects has been made part of the university course. The Voluntary Theological Examination is now, through the demands of

the bishops, compulsory to all candidates—or nearly all—for the ministry. This is only one sign out of many of that happier social tone and increased religious earnestness which are the best auguries for the future of the English Universities.

IN AND AROUND SEDAN.

As I sit writing in my quiet home there rushes from the garden into my study my little girl, with a sword in her hand and a knapsack on her back. I have to tell her a long tale, for I picked up sword and knapsack on the battle-fields of Sedan. She cannot realise all the sadness of the story; neither, I fear, can children of an older growth. As you stand in the Wiertz Museum at Brussels, you see in a Brobdignagian hand a few cannon and swords and military trophies. Around are some Brobdignagians looking at them as we do at a flea through a microscope. How they laugh and grin and ridicule! Why? Because they are the men of the future, the men of peace and progress and brotherly love, and true enlightenment; and these remnants of a barbarous age, when might was right, 'seem the height of childish folly.' We have not reached that stage yet. At present we have to realise—and we do even that but faintly and imperfectly—all the horrors and cruelties of war; horrors and cruelties vividly remembered by those who have journeyed, as the writer has done, but recently along the battle-fields in and around Sedan.

What is Sedan? I turn to the topographer, and he tells me it is "a fortified town of France, department of Ardennes, on the Meuse, 160 miles north-east of Paris; population, 13,304. The manufactures are extensive, chiefly fine black cloths and cashmores, linen, hosiery, etc. The chairs commonly known as Sedans took their name from this town." I may add that it was a pleasant place in which to live, and that the Protestants there were many and well to do. There is a Protestant orphanage, in which orphans of the Belgian Protestant Church are placed. So little did the French generals, however, know of Sedan, that one of them actually asked a friend of mine with the Swiss Ambulance attached to Mac Mahon's army whether it was a fortified town or not. With such ignorant men as generals, what was to be expected but the shame and defeat France, the leader of civilisation, the empress of the world, as she deemed herself, has reaped at Sedan?

Waterloo has now lost all its significance; France will no longer dream of avenging that defeat. The destruction of life on that memorable 18th of June was great. The loss of the allies and Prussians, killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to about 19,000 men. That of the French has never been estimated with certainty, but probably it amounted to 30,000 at least, besides 7,800 prisoners. About 227 French guns were captured. The Duke of Wellington's army consisted of 67,600 men—good, bad, and indifferent; that of Napoleon of 71,900—admirably disciplined, full of enthusiasm for their general, and confident of victory. The superiority of the French artillery alone was overwhelming.

But on the 1st of September, at Sedan, it was calculated that MacMahon had an army of 120,000 men; and the Crown Princes of Saxony and Prussia had between them 240,000, of which, it is said, no less

than 170,000 took part, either as actual combatants or as part of the reserved forces. At Sedan, MacMahon had calculated upon keeping the Germans at bay for five weeks. It is now matter of history how the Prussian, Bavarian, and Saxon Army Corps formed a crescent round Sedan, with its face towards the Belgian frontier. About twelve o'clock, after the battle had been going on for six hours, this crescent had become a circle, by the union of the Saxons and the Prussians. The battle extended over about fifteen miles of country, and raged with great fury for about eleven hours. Never since earth was young was there a battle-field more horrible to look upon or more important in its results. Only fancy 83,000 men being made prisoners of war; only fancy the Prussians taking possession of 480 French cannon and 80,000 French chassepots, besides other military stores; only fancy the man who gave the law to Europe, the idol of the French army, the elect of the French nation, a fugitive, his throne in the twinkling of an eye crumbled into dust, hurrying as fast as post-horses and railways could carry him away from his beloved soldiers—who would have murdered him, had they the chance—to the place of residence in Cassel assigned him by his German conqueror. For ages Sedan will be a name of evil import and bitter memories in French ears. What may spring out of Sedan is not yet clear, but it has put a stop to the *idées Napoléoniennes*. I have read much of the folly of war, of the misery it creates, of the ruin it entails on all; but I never saw this so clearly illustrated as in the battle-fields in and around that town. France and Prussia between them had already, even before the siege of Paris begun, spent four hundred millions of pounds, and 150,000 of the flower of the French army were in prison in Germany. All along the seat of war their bravest and best have died; and now there is not a house in what was gay and sunny France but is dull, and dark, and sad. A fortnight had elapsed since the battle, when one fine autumn morning I marched from Bouillon across the French frontier to Sedan. The smoke and uproar and tumult had passed away; the wounded had been removed—as it was, some of them had of necessity to lie twenty-four hours before the kind Samaritans of the Geneva Ambulance could come to their rescue. The dead had been buried by wholesale. Here they had been piled up in a common tomb, there they had a more decent burial. Hundreds and thousands of crosses denoted the spot; but there, out in the open, there was little unpleasant to see. The views on every side were fine, the air was fresh. Storms had purified the atmosphere, and had cleansed the soil. It was only as you came to a little strip darker than the surrounding clay that you perceived traces of the blood which had poured down the hill-sides, and reddened the green valleys around. Indeed, so calm, so still, so bright was all the landscape, that as I walked from one field of clover or mangold-wurzel to another, I could have fancied myself partridge shooting at home. There were several of us. Most of us had chassepots picked up on the field of battle; besides, we had a bevy of men in blouses as attendants. If we had only had a few dogs, the illusion at times would have been complete.

Through scenery, almost Alpine in its beauty, you ascend the hills which surround the romantic little town of Godfrey of Bouillon. An hour's walking on as fine a macadamised road as you can desire brings

you to the frontier. On one side the road is a post marked "Belgique," on the other a tricoloured post. On the French side you skirt a portion of the forest which Shakespeare has endeared to English readers, and which extends a distance of a hundred miles or more right away to the pleasant city of Brussels. On ordinary occasions the rail runs close to Sedan, but that line has been rendered useless for the present, and the direct route—the one I took—the one every one takes—is by the Luxembourg line to Libramont, whence the journey is made by diligence or wagon, or by any vehicle that can be procured, to Bouillon. It is a long ride, as the road is all up hill and down hill through districts scarcely inhabited, and consequently not a little monotonous. Libramont itself is one of the smallest stations on the line, and does not boast even an *hôtel du chemin de fer*, but the bustle of the place is now enormous. It was there the Imperial fugitive took the rail to Liege on his way to his asylum in the Fatherland, and from there an enormous number of wounded troops were conveyed daily from Sedan; the prisoners, many of them, also, went that way—as they could be carried thence to Cologne and North Germany, or in another direction. When I was there as many as 2,500 wounded had gone that way to Germany, *via* Liege. The ambulance waggons that bring them carry back provisions and medical stores. Thus Libramont all at once found itself famous, and by night as well as by day the road thither from Sedan was full of life.

All along the line the little army of Belgium had encamped, and there seemed no end to the perpetual traffic of soldiers and civilians, tourists and philanthropists, hale and wounded, sisters of mercy and Knights of the Red Cross—distinguished persons and common soldiers. One of the saddest sights I met with was that of the French peasants driven out of France. They had committed no crime; they had simply done as they were bidden, and voted for the Emperor; they had no animosity against Europe in general, or the Prussians in particular. To cultivate their native soil was their only aim. Yet there they were, painfully toiling up the hill-sides on their way to the nearest Belgian city of refuge. Each family was by itself; the men and women trudged on foot by the side of the cart which contained their worldly store; on the top, perhaps, was perched the grandmother, too old, or the little two-year-old child, too young to walk. As I trudged along on that early morning, I came across a little encampment of exiles who had been bivouacking over-night on the bare ground. They were preparing their frugal meal, and the white smoke of their wood fire was curling up among the forest trees. One's heart grieved to see them. Sad, and civil, and well-meaning folk, it seemed hard that they could not die where they had lived, and their fathers before them; but Prussian soldiers slept in their deserted homes, and Prussian wounded were being nursed in their churches. Their corn and wine and oil had been taken. Clearly, the sooner they were away, the better.

At the little village of Chapelle I came on the first traces of the war. The red cross floated from every good house, and inside there were the wounded stretched on beds of straw, and dying, alas! in spite of tender nursing, very fast. At Givenon, on each side, there had been fighting, but the little ravine in which the village was placed seemed unhurt. As I wandered farther, it seemed as if the Prussians had at once taken possession of the whole district: on

stables and doors and gateways were German inscriptions, rudely written in chalk, denoting the purposes to which they were applied. As we climbed the hills, traces of the battle were everywhere apparent. The fields and roads and lanes had been cleared as much as possible, but enough remained to show how fierce had been the conflict and how reckless the waste of property and life. Dead horses still poisoned the atmosphere. Now and then we came on the remains of what was once a man and a brother. On all the soil were the marks of men's feet, and horses' hoofs, and bursting shells. One of the first things I picked up was a human hand, which seemed to have been completely blown off. In some places guns and swords and knapsacks could be picked up without number. Of course, the Prussians had been at work recovering what was undoubtedly their property, and the peasants, who had nothing else to do, and whose blouses served them admirably for concealment, had carefully scoured the fields for days past; still the guns and swords and knapsacks lying about might have been counted by hundreds. In some places they were piled up as thickly as possible, one on the top of the other, and the ditches seemed choked up with soldiers' helmets and boots and gaiters in such confusion that it was difficult to tell which were French and which were Prussian. Here and there the earth was black with gunpowder, or white with cartridge cases. In yon field stood the carriages of the terrible mitrailleuse; the ammunition was abundant; but the mitrailleuse and the men who served it would never again come into contact with the German foe. Here a stand had been made, and a few trees cut down to block up the path. Here the band had played, and the cards of the musicians were lying all around. There were empty bottles, remains of slaughtered sheep, and other signs of the commissariat. There for miles extended the little tents of boughs in which the Prussians had encamped ere they went forth to win such laurels as no Prussian soldier ever won before. Every French soldier has his *livret*, on which are inscribed his name, his birthplace, his parentage, his personal appearance, his position in his regiment, his receipts and expenditure, and, indeed, all that can be known about him. I could have picked up hundreds of such books. The soldiers' letters, like the autumn leaves, were everywhere. Most of them were very simple, such as peasants write to one another, hoping that the receiver was doing well, and that they might soon meet again. One letter was of a more affecting character. It was that of a French officer on the eve of battle. There was a little girl of his at Cologne. Her mother was dead, and the nurse had to be paid. His father would, he was sure, adopt the little orphan if he fell in battle, and it was hoped whoever would find this letter would forward it to the writer's father.

In a small provincial town in Belgium or France, there is little to see and little to describe. Sedan is neither worse nor better than its neighbours. Of course, when I was there it was in an abnormal state. Night and day it was alive. Prussian sentries guarded its gates. Uhlans rode in and out at all hours, and typhus fever was made free of the place as well. There was a terrible mortality in and around Sedan. As I stood in one of the villages close by, I came up to a group of two or three men and as many women, and in their midst was a dead man. The corpse-bearers had a hard time of it. They were always on the trot. As soon as one was

buried, it was really shocking to see the pace at which they set off to return again with a similar load. Yet up on the hills, with the clear blue sky and the bracing air and the lovely country all round, death would be the last thing to intrude on your thoughts. Far in the distance, under that smiling afternoon sun, lay on the green hill-sides, with old grey churches lifting up their heads as landmarks, what were peaceful villages and thriving towns, now filled with soldiers—Prussian and French wounded and dying side by side. It was pleasant to visit them as they lay stretched on the floor, and to give them what material assistance we could. For cigars they were always grateful. Smoking seemed to give them a sort of relief. A Swiss friend with the German Ambulance tells me that they were especially thankful for the Gospels, and read them or listened to the reading of them with real pleasure. In most of these villages, more or less, the storm of battle had rolled, and houses, and trees, and the cemeteries, and corn-fields, and indeed all the country round, testified how fierce that storm had been. Of course I heard much of Prussian cruelty. Here a home had been ransacked, and when the proprietor had civilly asked for payment, he and his wife had been cruelly maltreated. Such tales are too often well-founded, however strict may be the discipline and excellent the behaviour of the invaders. We should have heard, I fully believe, much worse tales had the Turcos and Zouaves of France crossed the Rhine, and encamped amidst its ancient towns and towers. As it was, the French woefully neglected their own wounded, and their surgery was described to me, by one who had but too many opportunities of observation, as simply barbarous. Still the Germans were hard. Kind-hearted as the German is in private life, in office he is stern and inflexible. Count Bismarck and King William are typical men.

Of the battle of Sedan, perhaps the bloodiest episode was that of the village of Bazeilles. A short walk from Sedan, along a level road, takes you thither. On your left is the deserted railway-station, where the mark of a stray bullet here and there may be seen; on your right is the railway bridge, which the French unaccountably neglected to destroy, and where the conflict was bitter in the extreme. It is said that the villagers sheltered some *franc-tireurs*. It is said that the villagers themselves maltreated wounded and defenceless German soldiers. Be this as it may, the Bavarians, who were quartered here, in their anger destroyed the entire village by fire; and when I was there I saw nothing but heaps of stones and ruins, and bare black walls. Bazeilles must have been a place of some repute: the houses were well built; some of them had pleasant gardens, where yet—such is the prodigality of nature—the grass was still green, and the flowers were still fresh. It boasted, besides the church, a parliament house. Two thousand people inhabited the village, and when I was there two or three old women, half-starved and looking very sad, scrambled out of the ruins to beg for charity, and to tell of the atrocities that had been perpetrated in their midst. Of the rest, all had perished in the flames, or by the hands of the Bavarians. It is to be hoped such a sight as that of Bazeilles is rare. As the smoke and fire and cries of Bazeilles went up to heaven, what a tale they must have told. As you stand aghast amidst its ruins, now that all is still and calm, you feel tempted to exclaim,—

“ Skies, oh where are thy cleansing waters?
Earth, oh when will thy wonders end?”

Still, however, it must not be forgotten that the sweet charities of which Sedan has been the centre will remain as a permanent memorial of what Christian kindness can effect, long after its grey towers or the black walls of Bazeilles will have crumbled into dust. From every public building, from every sunny château, from every country farm-house, from every decent hotel, indeed from almost every decent habitation in and around Sedan, floated on the white flag the red cross. Sisters of mercy, skilful medical men, hundreds of gentlemen glad to employ their leisure hours in alleviating human misery, hundreds of men and women in humbler walks of life,—honourable women not a few,—from all the neighbouring towns, from all parts of Germany, and France, and Switzerland, and England, hastened to the scene of desolation and death. How tenderly they nursed the dying; how skilfully they treated and helped to heal the wounded; how they cheered the heart of the prisoner; how consistently they taught that in spite of the fierce animosities engendered by war, there was a common humanity and a common brotherhood of peoples. I cannot believe that this lesson has been taught in vain. The red cross is a sign of something more than a passing effort for the relief of the distressed and wounded. It represents a lasting idea, not a temporary emergency. Undoubtedly it was abused. It was worn by many a one who had no right to wear it, who had assumed it for selfish and unworthy ends—even, as was certainly the case, that by means of it the wounded might be more easily plundered and the wearer more rapidly enriched. There were too many of such scoundrels with the red cross. There were too many who had assumed it out of childish vanity, and whom you met wearing it miles away, in the park, or even in the places of public amusement. But the general body were above all praise, and the red cross is one of the redeeming institutions of the war. Only let the idea on which it rests take a wider root and be more logically developed, and you will have no more battle-fields, no more of the horrors of war, in and around Sedan.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

III.

In a late number of the “*Revue Contemporaine*” M. Estervan has submitted a statement to its editor: he argues, that although there has been much written on the subject of the “Man in the Iron Mask,” not any one seems to have instituted the inquiry as to who was the *last* person in possession of the secret regarding him. This omission he seeks to supply. He avers that the sovereigns of France, in succession, were the jealous guardians of this mystery: it was considered by them as a state secret, and its importance was such, that to the reigning sovereign alone was it entrusted; who, at his coronation, bound himself by an oath, to reveal it only to the royal prince destined to succeed him when he should become of age; or at any fitting opportunity.

Thus it was confided to the Duc d’Orléans, Regent, by Louis XIV; who in his turn communicated it to Louis XV; by the latter sovereign it was disclosed to

Louis xvi. It is worthy of remark that neither the Regent, nor the lively and dissipated Louis xv, in their gayest moments of revelry, even when elated by wine, ever allowed it, by any chance, to escape their lips. It was never committed to paper: we must therefore suppose that its value was in proportion to the unusual degree of mystery with which it was so rigidly concealed, and withheld, from the nation at large.

When we consider the forethought observed, and the restrictions to secure its inviolability adhered to by four kings and regents, in transmitting the secret to each other, we cannot believe that so insignificant a personage as Matthioly could have been the object of such extraordinary precaution; nor that he should have been the victim of such a life-long imprisonment.

M. Estervan moreover states that information on the subject could only be derived from conversation with the Bourbon princes, or from words they might have casually let drop; for written documents there were absolutely none.

Louis xvi was the last person who had cognisance of it. One day when Philippe Egalité repaired to the palace, he found Marie Antoinette seated at the King's feet; upon seeing him enter, she exclaimed, "Pray, cousin, help me to extract from the King all that he knows of the 'masked prisoner!'" whereupon Louis xvi replied, "I cannot divulge anything concerning him!"

Probably, remarks M. Michelet, he did not care to have a question which involved his legitimacy, carried to Vienna and there discussed.*

Upon reviewing all the circumstances brought forward, and the various opinions of so many authors, we are led to infer that the very lineage of the hapless victim, and the motive for an imprisonment so shrouded in mystery, involved a question of *succession to the throne*.

Grave and weighty reasons existed—reasons affecting perhaps the honour of the royal family, their security, their repose—why he was not set at liberty: considerations of the highest moment, directly personal to them, prevented it.

M. Pontmartin, commenting on M. Topin's recent work, remarks with the sparkling vivacity of a French critic: "Was it expedient to give us a solution of an enigma, and thus to deprive it of its charm? To inform us, precisely, regarding the mysterious prisoner of Pignerol? Will my political and moral education be more advanced, when I shall be enabled to say every morning, on waking up, 'The Man in the Iron Mask was not a son of Buckingham, nor a brother of Louis xiv, nor Fouquet, nor Monmouth, nor Bedford; nor this, nor that, nor the other person?' I will go further still, even at the risk of remaining isolated in my opinion. There are personages to whom mystery is becoming; and '*l'homme au masque de fer*' is of that number. His *speciality* is to continue legendary; and always to preserve the mask upon his face. He resembles those secrets which we are distracted in pursuing, the interest of which evaporates when discovered. He possesses two kinds of interest: the *bizarrie* of his punishment; and the attractiveness of his incognito. He travels incognoscible in history. Now a mystification implies some prince, or other illustrious personage.

Strip him of his sumptuous array,—the prince may prove but an ordinary mortal.

"Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,
Et le héros s'évanouit."

Thus the 'iron mask' will cease to appeal to the imagination, to belong to the region of romance—his proper domain. Between his inflexible gaoler, and the piercing gaze of the student, the poor mortal will, in turn, have been the victim of two contrary extremes—the absolute and despotic, which explains nothing; and the scientific, eager to demonstrate everything."

M. Pontmartin proceeds: "M. Topin, regardless that his work should be compared to a drama, is by no means ignorant of the essential condition of every dramatic work—its *crescendo* in interest; and that it should possess an unforeseen *dénouement*. I should have cordially applauded, if the author had premised: 'It has been supposed hitherto that the "iron mask" is such, and such a personage; let us go over the list of names on which erudition, and fiction and imagination have been busily engaged. Let us proceed by elimination: there are my negative proofs, which I consider unanswerable. After producing them, I shall demonstrate to you that all the world has hitherto been in error on the subject. The veritable "iron mask" was an individual of whom no one ever thought!' That indeed would have been a startling discovery; but it is not so. *Desinit in pascem*. The iron mountain is delivered of a Piedmontese mouse!"

M. Topin's last chapter (which fastens the mask on Matthioly) is the least interesting of all; he removes, with an able hand, the most celebrated, the most romantic, the most mysterious *prétendants*, those who were best suited to the legend; and then he descends to the most insignificant of the candidates, to Matthioly, who for a very long time had been one of the claimants for the terrible mask. It is by no means an unknown person whom he produces, and whom he strives to authenticate; it is a solution rather than a revelation; he places on the scene an individual of but ordinary interest—an intriguer belonging to a second-rate category, who was compromised in a rather insignificant episode.

But M. Pontmartin's article is not all in this bantering strain; he gives M. Topin all due praise for his brilliant descriptions of Candia, and of the death of Beaufort; for his admirable portraits of Fouquet and Madame de Maintenon; his vivid narratives of sieges and battles, for pages of which every reader must recognise the excellence—ourselves amongst the number; but he concludes by saying that the discovery he has brought forward, seems but of very slender proportions, amidst the array of important personages and events, which M. Topin has massed together.

The field of historical exploration has been so delved into, so examined and sifted in every direction, says M. Loiseleur in his able work,* that the subjects which in the present era should engage the attention and the labour of the highest class of minds, are, not so much the discovery of original matter, as the comparing together by a closer analysis those subjects of which we are already in possession.

We can readily understand that there exist but few problems of bygone ages, which can be at once

* "Histoire de France," vol. XII. (Michelet.)

"Problèmes Historiques," par M. Jules Loiseleur. Paris: Hachette.

decisively solved by the production of any single document, sufficiently clear in itself, immediately and radically to dispose of an intricate question, on which new light is sought to be thrown; therefore it is that historical deductions, conducted in a patient, unprejudiced, persevering, and careful spirit, are now particularly studied; and attract the attention of the master minds of our age. The interesting letters which have been lately investigated, addressed by Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin to each other, have excited much attention; for they seem to prove the morganatic marriage contracted with him by the widowed sovereign. Michelet, the distinguished historian, believes in their marriage as almost a certainty; and many others share his opinion, but without the least hesitation in their belief. The Cardinal no doubt obtained a dispensation from Rome to enable him to enter into the wedded state: nor was he the only cardinal who, through political and state reasons, was permitted to marry. Mazarin's long reign as minister, was apparently due to the attachment felt for him by Anne of Austria.

Upon the death of Louis XIII, his widowed consort, by a decree of parliament, was constituted absolute Regent of France. She, thereupon, immediately announced that she would retain Mazarin as her prime minister. He had been the friend of Richelieu, who, indeed, on his deathbed, had recommended that he should fill his place, and continue his policy. He is described as being handsome, of elegant appearance, possessing distinguished manners, and of a flattering and insinuating address. Anne of Austria recognised the difficulty of her position at the King's death: surrounded by greedy courtiers who were already disputing, and grasping to attain high offices of state. Many of them, who had been exiled by Richelieu, had returned to court upon hearing of the King's fatal illness; and already seemed to claim the indemnity, which they supposed was their legitimate due. It was not only a brilliant and chivalrous companion who attracted the Queen's regard, but she also sought a guide, and the promoter of the same policy which Richelieu had observed. And Mazarin was perfectly aware, that it was not alone his skilful talents, which would suffice to maintain him in so exalted a position; but that with a sovereign so irresolute, impulsive, haughty, and bigoted as Anne of Austria, there was but one way to secure to himself that he should remain at the head of affairs, which was, that he should gain the empire of her heart. She was born 22nd September, 1601, and Mazarin on the 14th July, 1602, so that there was not much difference in their ages.

We will now proceed to give a specimen of their letters in the language in which they were originally written.

Letter from Mazarin to the Queen, written in the secret characters agreed upon between them:—

“ Je suis persuadé que, quand tout ce qu'il y a de votre connaissance, et ceux qui ont plus d'obligations à la mer (Mazarin) lui manqueroient et s'uniroient ensemble pour lui faire du mal dans l'esprit de 44 (la reine) ils gagnaeroient rien; parcequ'enfin $\equiv | \equiv$ et * (le cœur de la reine, et celui du Mazarin) sont ensemble par des liens, que vous même êtes tombée d'accord plus d'une fois avec moi, qu'ils ne pouvoient être rompus, ni par le temps, ni par quelque effort qu'on y fit.” [“I am persuaded that if all your acquaintance, and though all those who are under obligation to ‘the Sea’ (Mazarin) were to fail him, and were to write

to try and injure him in the estimation of ‘44’ (the Queen), they would gain nothing; for after all $\equiv | \equiv$ and (the hearts of the Queen and of Mazarin) are linked together by such ties, that you yourself have often agreed with me, that it is impossible to break those ties, either by the lapse of time or by whatever effort they might make.”]

The production of this very genuine letter seems quite conclusive as to the fact of their marriage. In order to understand their missives, it is necessary to have the key to the designations they contain. Mazarin bears the names of *l'Ambition, le Ciel, Conorit, l'Homme des Bois, la Mer. Sedan*, the letter H, and the numerals 26, 46, 200, refer to him.

The Queen is addressed under the names of *d'Amiens, l'Assiége, Serafin, Zabaot*; the letter P, and the numerals 22, 37, 41, 44, 82, also refer to her. The small* expressed the sentiments of the Queen for the Cardinal; the sign $\equiv | \equiv$ those of the Cardinal for Anne of Austria!

“The prisoner with the iron mask” was supposed to be their son. As the marriage of his parents was not declared, nor acknowledged, (for Mazarin was detested by the French nation), their son would not have filled a place in public consideration as a scion of royalty. After Mazarin's death, it is conjectured that this hapless youth was removed and placed in confinement; that Louis XIV was jealous of him because he was the favourite of his mother; and that he feared a continuance of civil dissensions in France: the more especially after he had passed the Act ennobling his illegitimate sons, by which Act, in the event of the failure of a direct heir, they had severally been declared eligible to the throne. The offspring of his mother, Anne of Austria, and of Mazarin, was therefore strictly incarcerated and concealed from public view, that he might not interfere with the pretensions of Louis XIV's children.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

DECEMBER 22, 1870.

An eclipse of the sun when more than three-quarters of its face is covered, always proves to be a very interesting and popular phenomenon, even when observed only through a piece of hastily-smoked glass. Such a one will be the great eclipse of the sun, visible in England, on Thursday, December 22, 1870. The fact of the obscuration being the effect of the direct intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun, makes a solar eclipse of far more scientific importance than a lunar eclipse, when the moon is darkened only by the shadow of the earth, in which it is enveloped. During an eclipse of the sun, the most precise observations are made at all the principal observatories, with the object of subsequently comparing the calculated positions of the sun and moon—the accuracy of which depends upon the correctness of the solar and lunar tables used in the computations—with the results obtained from the actual readings of the instruments. The observations consist of rapid measurements of the angular distances between the two solar cusps, which are always as rapidly enlarging or contracting, as the moon advances on, or recedes from, the solar disk. The general public, however, do not look at a solar or lunar eclipse with the critical eye of the astronomer, but with that laudable curiosity with which

every expected celestial phenomenon is regarded. As this eclipse is the largest which will appear in Great Britain for some years, and as it will be total in the southern parts of Europe, the readers of the "Leisure Hour" will probably be interested beforehand with a few details relating to it.

Although on December 22 the sun is at nearly its lowest point in the ecliptic, and consequently must necessarily be only about fifteen degrees above the horizon at the greatest phase, yet it is sufficiently high to be viewed satisfactorily during the progress of the eclipse. This low altitude will be even an advantage to many, as the various phases from the beginning to the end may be comfortably observed from a window, without exposure to the winterly temperature of the external air. For the convenience of those who reside in different parts of the country, we give the Greenwich, or railway, times of the beginning, the greatest phase, and the ending, for a few of the principal towns.

	Beginning of Eclipse. h. m.	Greatest Phase. h. m.	Ending of Eclipse. h. m.
London	11.8 A.M.	0.25 P.M.	1.42 P.M.
Cambridge	11.8 ,	0.25 ,	1.41 ,
Oxford	11.6 ,	0.23 ,	1.40 ,
Liverpool	11.4 ,	0.20 ,	1.36 ,
Edinburgh	11.6 ,	0.19 ,	1.34 ,
Dublin	10.59 ,	0.14 ,	1.31 ,
Dublin (Irish time)	10.34 ,	11.50 A.M.	1. 6 ,

The magnitude of the eclipse at all these places is nearly equal, the differences being scarcely appreciable to the naked eye. To view the progress of the moon it will be necessary to be provided with a piece of smooth glass, carefully smoked over a candle, or what is far better, pieces of coloured glass of different densities. A dark green or blue is a good colour, but some of the opticians provide sunshades with a neutral colour, which is perhaps the best.

Those who wish to note the first appearance of the dark edge of the moon must have the eye directed to the right-hand side of the sun, when, exactly at the times given above for the beginning of the eclipse, the first contact will take place. The motion of the moon over the sun will soon be evident to the naked eye, until at the greatest phase more than four-fifths of the sun will be obscured.

It is not, however, in this country that we may expect the most important observations made. The physical constitution of the solar photosphere, and of the shallow band of incandescent matter exterior to it, to which the term "chromosphere" has been applied, has formed a most enticing branch of astronomical inquiry during the last few years. Much of the knowledge on this subject we now possess has been obtained from the discussion of the observations of the remarkable phenomena observed only during total eclipses of the sun. By the construction of spectroscopes of great dispersive power, some of these phenomena have been seen, since October, 1868, without the intervention of the moon, and, thanks to the zeal and perseverance, under difficulties, of a few amateur astronomers, we are beginning to know, at last, something tangible about the solar surface, especially of the composition of the chromosphere, of which the rose-coloured protuberances are detached portions. But the spectroscope has not yet assisted us in determining the origin of that beautiful appendage called "the corona," which can only be seen during the few minutes of totality. It is therefore principally to observe the

corona that several astronomers are expected to visit the south of Spain, northern Africa, and Sicily, and to endeavour to solve the question, which at present is uncertain, whether it is simply a solar appendage, as it has hitherto generally been supposed, or whether it is produced partly or solely within the atmosphere of the earth. The observations of the total eclipse of 1868 in India seemed to give satisfactory proofs of its solar connection, but in the American eclipse of 1869 the observers mostly came to an opposite conclusion. It is hoped, therefore, that the observations of the forthcoming eclipse will permanently decide which opinion is deserving of the greater confidence.

The central line of the shadow path enters Portugal north of Cape St. Vincent. The narrow band of total darkness includes Cadiz, Xeres, and Gibraltar, in Spain; Oran in Algiers; Syracuse in Sicily; and leaves Europe after passing through Turkey, north of Greece. The duration of totality in Spain will be 2m. 11s., and in Sicily, 1m. 52s.

E. DUNKIN.

Plaint of a Sinful Man.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH, BY WALTER DEVEREUX,
EARL OF ESSEX, 1575.

O HEAVENLY God, O Father dear, cast down thy tender eye
Upon a wretch that prostrate here before thy throne doth lie ;
O pour the precious oil of grace into my wounded heart,
O let the drops of mercy assuage the rigour of my smart.

My sinful soul oppressed sore with care-full clogs of sin,
In humble sort submits itself thy mercy for to win ;
Grant mercy then, O Saviour sweet, to me most joyful thrall,
Whose mournful cry to thee alone doth still for mercy call.

Thy blessed will I have despised, upon a stubborn mind,
And to the sway of worldly things myself I have inclined ;
Forgetting heaven and heavenly power, where God and saints do
dwell,
My life had like to tread the steps that lead the way to hell.

But, my dear Lord and lodestar bright, I will no more do so ;
To think upon my former life, my heart doth melt for woe.
Alas I sigh, alas I sob, alas I do repent,
That ever my licentious will so wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with ireful plaint thy mercy I do crave,
O Lord, for thy great mercy's sake, let me thy mercy have ;
Restore to life the wretched soul that else is like to die,
So shall my voice unto thy name sing praise continually.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Son,
And blessed be the Holy Ghost, by whom all things be done ;
Bless me, O blessed Trinity, with thy eternal grace,
That after death my soul may have in heaven a dwelling-place.

[Of this poem a writer in "Notes and Queries" (April, 1869), gives the following account :—"These lines are printed, with some variations, in 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices,' edit. 1810, first published in 1576, p. 87, entitled 'The Complaint of a Synner,' and signed with the initials of F. K. i.e., Francis Kinwelmersh, a friend of George Gascoigne. They appear, however, to be the production of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex of that family, and are still extant in a manuscript of the Elizabethan period. There is a narrative of the earl's last illness prefixed to Camden's 'Annales,' supposed to have been written by Edward Waterhouse, in which allusion is made to this 'Godly and Virtuous Song.' The writer states that 'the night following, which was the night before he died, he called William Hewes, which was his musician, to play upon the virginal and to sing. 'Play,' said he, 'my song, Will Hewes, and I will sing it myself.' So he did it most joyfully, not as the howling swan, which, still looking down, waileth her end, but as a sweet lark ; lifting up his hands, and casting up his eyes to his God.' Hearne has not only omitted the title prefixed to the narrative, but also the song itself. Fortunately the original manuscript of it, supposed to be in the handwriting of Thomas Churchyard, came into the possession of William Cole, the Cambridge antiquary."]

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